

YORK JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office in New York as second-class matter.

Daily Edition One Cent
Evening Edition One Cent
Sunday Five Cents

TERMS—POSTAGE INCLUDED.

For the United States (outside of New York City), Canada and Mexico.

DAILY AND SUNDAY: One Year, \$5.50; Six Months, \$3.00; Three Months, \$1.50. SUNDAY: One Year, \$2.50; Six Months, \$1.25; Three Months, .75.

Three times the above rates for all foreign countries, except Mexico and Canada. In order to secure attention, subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old as well as new address.

THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate partly cloudy weather, cooler; brisk, westerly winds.

The horse seems to have very little show in the affair. It is everybody's show but the horse's.

The battle ship Texas seems to have been built on the lines of Mr. Roosevelt's reformed police force.

The Republican press is very anxious to have the Democratic party reorganized by the friends of Grover Cleveland. The Republican press always was solicitous for the welfare of the Democratic party.

The Republican politicians have dropped their flags and all high sounding phrases about preserving the credit of the nation, and are engaged in a mad rush on the patronage. The sight of office usually has this effect on the men who make their living out of politics.

Notwithstanding the frantic protest of the Evening Post, the Republican newspapers continue to talk of "an international agreement" and "the Republican party's friendliness to silver." The amiable Mr. Goldin may be forced to place another edition of his McKinley finance tract on the market.

A BLOW TO THE SUFFRAGISTS.

The advocates of woman suffrage have met with a great disappointment in California. A constitutional amendment conferring the ballot on the sex was submitted to the people by the Legislature. It received the formal platform endorsement of the Republicans, Populists and Prohibitionists in their State conventions. The Democratic party alone declared against it. The proposal was supported by many of the most influential newspapers. A vigorous campaign was made by Anna Shaw and other conspicuous suffragists. Nevertheless the amendment was beaten at the polls. The exact figures have not yet been ascertained, but it is known that the majority against the extension of the franchise to women is overwhelming. There is no part of the country where women are more agreeably circumstanced than in California. The pioneer tradition survives, and the woman who has no ambition to shine outside of what the old-fashioned call her sphere is treated with a chivalry that delights the truly feminine soul. But it is evident that the average Californian, in spite of his gallantry, prudently prefers assuming the responsibility of governing woman to letting her govern herself.

CHEAPER CAB HIRE.

The old movement for the reduction of cab fares in this city has been revived. The movement is a good one and should be pushed. The legal rates of cab hire in New York are much higher than they ought to be, and as a rule cab drivers ask more than the legal rate. This custom has created such a variety in the charges made that as a matter of fact few even of those who habitually use cabs are acquainted with the regular tariff. It must be admitted that cab riders themselves are largely responsible for the overcharging and indirectly for the existence of the high legal rate. A ready acquiescence in the exorbitant demands of the Jehus is not likely to result in a firm adherence to the legal rate, while the absence of a wide and deep public demand for a reduction aids in the maintenance of high prices.

But cabs would be more generally used if the prices were lower. It is not likely, indeed, that they would come to take so prominent a place in city travel as the hansom cab does in London, because the shape of New York makes up and down town riding the principal tidal stream of humanity, and the distances are so great that the cheaper and more convenient car lines are far better than cabs. But for theatre going and other amusement purposes the cab might become a profitable means of conveyance if its hire was sufficiently low to invite the patronage of all classes of pleasure seekers. The thousands of women in New York whose handsome gowns are now subjected to the severe wear and tear of crowded car travel would be quick to see that there would be economy in the long run in engaging a cab to go to any place requiring an expensive costume.

It is true that a cheap cab service was tried in this city some years ago and the experiment was not successful,

but it seems likely that there must have been some mismanagement of the project, for on its face a low rate of cab hire appears to have many and immediate attractions.

EUROPE'S SUGGESTIVE JOY.

The continuing joy in Europe over the defeat of the Democratic party in the United States ought, it seems to us, to move all Americans to sober thought. The dispatches have told us of the satisfaction of the London press, the anxiety with which the royal family awaited the returns, and smiled with gladness as they came in showing the triumph of McKinley and the gold standard. Premier Salisbury has announced the readiness of England to take "common action in defence of the common heritage of society." In case the Democracy should happen to win a Presidential election hereafter on a platform unfavorable to the fleeing privileges of the plutocracy. His phrase at the Lord Mayor's banquet, in an address following Ambassador Bayard's unpatriotic and disgraceful speech, means just that or nothing. The bourses of Paris and Berlin and of all other Continental cities, as well as the newspapers which speak in the interests of the ruling classes, have expressed a happiness as great as that of Wall Street itself. To judge by the dispatches, one would think that Europe is solid for McKinley, the gold standard and non-interference with the exploitation of the masses by the predatory rich. But the people of Europe, the multitude who do not operate in the bourses and have no influence with the respectable commercial press, have not been heard from at all. What they think about the American election has not been thought worth ascertaining and telegraphing. That which we have learned with certainty is that the aristocracy and the rich of the Old World are in the most cordial and intimate sympathy with their brethren of America. They feel that the earth is theirs, and that the smallest attack anywhere upon their exclusive ownership must be repelled with their whole strength—that the assailants must be crushed into the dust, lest the tiniest victory should encourage them to more formidable assaults. That is the spirit of the plutocracy everywhere. Progress of any kind is regarded with suspicion and intense aversion. They would, as Emerson said, nail the stars to the sky, if they could. They know nothing of the wisdom of statesmanship, which yields a little in order to retain much. Always they fear the deluge, and always they encourage its coming by their dull opposition to everything that is proposed for the benefit of others than themselves.

The conservative instinct of great bodies of the American people were artfully appealed to by the Republicans in the late canvass, and these bodies, who have no community of interest with the forces of greed, were induced to vote with the party of the trusts. They were alarmed into the belief that the moderate, constitutional and American proposals of the Democratic platform concealed sinister purposes hostile to property and the national honor. Reflection must cause these patriotic, if timid, Americans to ask themselves if a cause that draws to its ardent support not alone the money power of their own country, but of the whole world, can be a cause the triumph of which is good for the people of the United States as a whole. If a political party in this country may not propose any reform without being reviled as if it designed the destruction of civilized society, what is to become of the Republic? If no party may propose the slightest curtailment of the privileges of the preying rich without being accused of loving lawlessness and anarchy, what progress in government can be made? If opposition to the political as well as the industrial rule of the trusts is to be ranked as disguised treason, what has the future in store for popular government in the United States?

No matter what any man may think about our currency, whether its basis should be one of the precious metals or both, none can deny that the result of the Presidential election has given gratification to and increased the sense of security of every trust in the country. Neither is it to be denied that the plutocracy and aristocracy of every European monarchy hails that result with joy. Can it be held by the thoughtful that a victory which strengthens the trusts and cheers the privileged classes around the globe is one that should please the pride and encourage the hope of the patriotic American, whatever his party may be?

CUR COAST DEFENCES.

Probably the great majority of persons in this country who think about the matter at all are of the opinion that a great deal has been done toward fortifying the coasts of the United States. The truth is, however, that this impression has been created by the frequent publication of plans and descriptions of inventions. Many formidable contrivances for coast defence have been produced in recent years and plans have been formulated for their employment. But very little has actually been accomplished. The report of the Chief of Ordnance, General Flagler, shows that only ten heavy guns have been provided, eight for

New York and two for San Francisco. These guns have not been mounted, because only two carriages have been built. Down at Sandy Hook there are two big guns, three dynamite guns and a few mortars. It would not take a fleet of fair power long to silence those batteries.

It is remarkable that so little has been accomplished in the department of coast fortification, and the country is entitled to an explanation of the state of the work. The slowness of its progress is discouraging in view of the possibility of complications with foreign nations which will not wait for the building and mounting of big guns. The United States have risen in a few years to universal recognition as one of the powers of the world. Such a state has its responsibilities and its dangers as well as its dignity. Even the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by England adds to the gravity of our burden, for it establishes a precedent which we are bound to uphold in the face of opposition from any quarter.

It is folly, of course, for optimists and peace advocates to shut their eyes to the possibility of embroilment with foreign nations. Every other country will not respond so readily to demands for arbitration as England has done, for others have not the same motives. The United States ought to be prepared to cope at short notice with any formidable adversary. The resources of the country justify its being put into a complete defensive state, and the loitering on the way to such a condition ought to be stopped.

THE TORMENT OF NOISE.

Every one who is so unfortunate as to be conscious of his nervous system will feel a glow of gratitude to Dr. J. H. Girdner, who has lifted his professional voice against the unnecessary noises which make life in New York a misery to patient thousands. The doctor—Heaven prosper him!—advocates the organization of a Society for the Prevention of Noise, that shall labor to form an effective public opinion against the various assaults on the human ear made by horses and wheeled vehicles clattering over stone-paved instead of asphalt-covered streets; by bells and whistles, which as time tellers come down from a period before the clock became cheap; by street peddlers, street musicians, dogs, cats, parrots and young ladies learning to sing and play the piano. These last, he holds, should be taken off into the country for practice by their teachers.

Dr. Girdner speaks especially in behalf of the sick, who are tortured by the clangor and hubbub of the city's life. But the well have rights, too. A man or woman with nerves is as disagreeably affected by a needless noise as one with sensitive nostrils is by a foul odor. The man who possesses no sense of smell is not more incompetent to understand the disgust caused in the normal human being by a stench than is the rudely organized person to appreciate the suffering inflicted by avoidable noise upon the nervous.

Mankind has grown cleaner with the progress of civilization. The open sewer has disappeared, streets are swept and the bathtub, which was buried under the ruins of the Roman Empire, has been resurrected. But noise has increased. The ear of the average man, and woman, too, remains utterly barbarous. There never yet has been an uprising against noise. It is the one tyranny which has encountered only individual rebels. Nevertheless, nothing is surer than that as the race progresses in intelligence, in brain power, in refinement, it will one day awaken to the grand fact that it has ears. Then we shall have a true civilization—a civilization that will resent a clattering truck, a thunderous wagon load of iron, a shouting Yahoo, a whistling imbecile, a learner on the piano, an industrious aspirant for the operatic stage, a fight between harmful, unnecessary cats, as quickly as our present civilization resents a punch in the head or being pelted with eggs.

Long live Dr. Girdner, and more power to his Society for the Suppression of Noise!

In the future a great many small politicians will be doing business on the platform. "He was mentioned in connection with a place in McKinley's Cabinet."

Since scanning those Kansas Legislative returns John J. Ingalls is undoubtedly sorry that he didn't adhere to his former views on the currency question.

The bark E. C. Mowatt arrived in port yesterday flying the new flag of Nicaragua. There was no demonstration, but there will be one worth describing when the first vessel comes in flying the flag of Cuba.

As the election doesn't depend on the vote of Kentucky, John Sherman and the other professional visiting statesmen are staying at home.

The operatic stars come just in time to take the places of the political stars. The American people never tire of investing money in stars.

Picking out Federal offices is now the leading industry at Canton. The election of McKinley has produced great confidence in that particular line.

It is believed that Mark Hanna would not grieve if Mr. Platt and Mr. Bliss were to emulate the example of the Kilkeny cats.

The Cleveland Administration's Cuban policy is destined to become every bit as popular as its Democratic policy.

A Club That Was Not Written.

He—Have you got your club paper?
She—No; I can't find it.
He—Find what?
She—Oh, I forgot, you didn't know: it's to be "Some Selections from Current Poetry." Some of the members thought we ought to get up with what the poets are doing, and, now November here, it's a good time for it—"The chill November days," you know, "the saddest," etc. There's something sad and touching and all that about November, and so there used to be about poetry and poets, but I can't find 'em.
He—Which, poets or poetry?
She—Neither.
He—What's the matter with Kipling? he's got a volume just coming out.
She—Oh, yes, Kipling. I'd give them the "Dipsey Chanters" and "That Day," but Kipling's out of the count. Our president, Mrs. Drumgoole, puts him down as vulgar. The "Barrack Room Ballads," she says, "smell of horses and whiskey," and have no place in a ladies' club. She'd fall off her seat over "That Day," and "McAndrew's Hymn" she considers "undut for social publication."She—What does she mean by that?
He—(wearily)—Oh, I don't know; ask her; it's one of her phrases; we have 'em, too, you know, just like you men. Do tell me where I can find some "current poetry."
He—Well, how will the Misses Duer do? They're eminently proper. Here's that conservatory scene; that's one of the best bits in the book; read it.
She—(reading)—
"Dear, are you angry?"
"Yes, though not at you,
But at myself. Of course we know it's true
That when a man respects a girl
I thought
You'd say that. It's the nonsense girls
are taught.
You know as well as I do I revere
You more than any other woman, dear."
He—(quickly)—There! don't he hit it off?
She—(quitting)—Of course that would please you or any other man! You men vary your morals to suit the occasion—or pretend you do, which works as much have. (Reading on)"I read
The hopelessness of angst that I could plead
In your stern eyes . . . h-m-m-m . . .
But that the last long wait that he had had
Might very well have turned a wiser head
h-m-m-m . . .
Nor should I murmur that you teach how far
More hard than others all good women are.
"Indeed, it is not true.
Some men I could forgive this, but not you.
You would go home and smile . . .
h-m-m-m . . .
Show me at least you do not doubt my sorrow."
Well—come as usual at 5 to-morrow."
He—Isn't that a clever bit of poetry?
She—(triumphing)—The lady should have been either less indignant—or more so.
He—I thought it was poetry you were after?
She—But that's not poetry—versification, yes.
He—(settled)—O, you women are so exacting! You not only want Pegasus, but you want to hear his hoof beats.
She—(smiling)—I own one of the things I like best about a horse is the good, clear ring of his hoofs, but it would take a clever man than you, sir, to find out if we women want, just now, I want my club paper, do help me, that's a dear.
He—(silently)—You've vetoed all my suggestions.She—Here's a bit to match yours, from the "Successor to Joaquin Miller":
"Dawn; alas, dawn my soul!
Ah, dawn—close fringed curtain
Of night is stealing up: God—
Dawn—Light—
Darkness—oh!"He—Heavens!
She—Yes, that's what I said, "Oh!" Do tell me what has become of all the poets.
He—(wearily)—Oh, I don't know, harassed to the advertising plough, I reckon.
She—Thanks, that's a good one; I'll use it.
He—But that don't get you out on your paper.
She—(brightly)—I have it! I'm going to tell them all the poets have gone into agriculture, but Johann Ambrosius, and then I'm going to give them this "fugitive" bit—that I found in the Omaha Bee—on my banjo. (Hums gently and with feeling):
"Day ain't no desiah in m' of 'hart to lib,
Sence de ill' boy's gone from de home,
An' de birds in de trees nebah p'fess me no wif."De wif dat I wunst ust ter hum;
An' his mammy don't sing wif de same happy song,
An' de horses in de stable seems ter mo'n,
An' de dawg licks 'is nose, den sniffs all round."Foh dey's pinin' 'caize de ill' boy's gone."
He—(with emotion)—Scot! You're got it there, sis!
She—Yes! and I've got the knack of playing a banjo and looking graceful at the same time. Do you see!Do Fish Suffer Pain?
All fishes have nerves, and in some respects fishes are extremely sensitive, says the London Mail. A fish that has buried itself in sand and so completely that only the tip of its tail fin is above the bottom, will feel upon that the slightest touch and instantly start out of its sandy bed. A fish is very sensitive to movements in the water surrounding it. A shadow falling upon the water will startle a fish into flight. But sensitive as fishes are in some respects, it is probable that they do not suffer pain from injuries received.

Fishes are extremely sensitive at the nose. A fish that had in pursuit of prey run its nose against a rock might shake its head violently, perhaps in pain, but fishes sustain serious injuries from actual wounds without showing any indication of pain. In fact, the indications tend to show that they do not suffer.

A Conceded Point.
(Washington Post.)
It must be conceded that Mr. Pulitzer scored the largest displacement of atmosphere during the campaign.How It Happens.
"Pa, why does history repeat itself?"
"Because there is no telephone girl around to make it ring off."—Chicago Record.

The Black Cloud That Darkened a Young Life.

The other morning Nicodemus White, a black boy, who lived with his father and grandmother in West Twenty-seventh street, came into the house, and said, with a very serious face:
"Granny, I'm goin' away for good."
An old colored woman, stout and gray of head, looked up in wonder from her knitting, over large, round-rimmed spectacles. There was a heaven of kindness in her voice as she asked:
"What's the matter now, honey? Has dey dun gone hurt yo' feelins agin?"
"Yes, Granny, but for the last time. Now, you hear, me, I'm goin' away."
"Tell old mammy what it is."
"That big loafer that cleans out Riley's place, corner Sixth avenue."
"What he do, eh?"
"He called me a black cloud. All 'round here they call me a black cloud, and I won't stay no longer."
Granny smiled. Never in her forty years of slavery or the thirty lived in the North had her color been to her the source of a solitary pang.

She dwelt peacefully, though knowing it not, in the simple faith that the good Lord did all things well. He had made her black, and she never fretted over the idle words of "low white trash." In the days before her gray head had stilled the sneering tongue she, too, had been called a black cloud, but she would merely have her fling back and never give it a moment's brooding. Though her heart throbbed with sympathy, she did not understand the feelings of little Nicodemus. She couldn't see that the taunt had stung his sensitive soul; that it had laid bare to the boy a withering truth. Now he saw life with the eyes of a man. He could see the black cloud lowering heavier and heavier as the years went on.

He could see himself through all his days a creature despised of white men. And a voice, sounding as though over the metaphysics of ages from some kindly existence, spoke out of his soul, "It shall not be."
"Chile," said Granny, laying down the ball of blue yarn and a prodigious half-baked sock, "where yo' spect 't go?"
"Where I want be a black cloud," was the lad's answer.The old negroess smiled again and looked tenderly in the serious face of the boy.
"Dah, chile," she said; "don't yo' worry! Nevah min' yo' color ef yo' heart aint black. Yo' gwine 't be a man some day, an' den!"This made Nicodemus cry. It was just the thought of growing older and older, and never being taught but a black cloud, that seemed so dreadful. The old woman took his woolly head, pressed it against her bosom, and said:
"Now, Nick, don't cry. Yo' papa's comin' home soon. Doin' let him see dat yo' been blubberin'. Wipe yo' eyes, an' den mebbe mammy dun did dat nickel fer de big too we seed y'es'day in Ninth anyer."Nicodemus didn't brighten up. He only said:
"I got no right to the big top?"
"Goodness! Why not, sonny?"
"Cause I'm a black cloud."
Then he stopped crying and tore himself away from the old woman's embrace. There was a strange light in the lad's eyes, and a resolute ring in his voice, that set Granny thinking, as he said:
"Granny, I tell you, I'm goin' away—away from New York, away from it all, to a country where everybody is black, and they can't say I'm a black cloud no more'n anybody else."That night Nicodemus said to Nicodemus's father: "I've afeared for sho' dat chile he's gwine a way ef he git a chance."
His father laughed.
Next morning when he went to Nicodemus's bed he found it empty. The boy had run away in the night.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"I'm getting a little weary of this talk about a 'chanceless bicycle,' said the park policeman. 'Don't you think there's anything in it?'"
The man in the golf suit answered the park policeman, "but it certainly is not the crying need of the hour.""What would you consider more important?" demanded the man in the golf suit.
"A voiceless bicyclist," responded the park policeman; and friends of the man in the golf suit noticed that it was nearly fifteen minutes before he yelled at some one to get out of his way, and that it was fully two hours before he again attempted to decant on the beauties of bicycles of any particular make.—Chicago Post."By the way, what is Maud's husband worth?"
"I hear that her father gave \$300,000 for him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.In front of the burning building stood Cholly, half dead, and wringing his hands in anguish.
"What's the matter?" asked one of the firemen. "We got him out of your room except some clothing, didn't we?"
"Oh, no!" wailed Cholly. "You left me chrysanthemum!"—Chicago Tribune.Teacher (trying to inculcate a moral)—Now, children, why was it the lions would not touch Daniel?
Johnny (whose father is a politician)—Cause dey was 'fraid of gettin' der tails twisted.—Buffalo Times."What's the matter," asked Bykins's friend, in dismay. "Have you been sick?"
"I've had a little season with the surgeon," was the cheery reply.
"What was an accident?"
"No, it was a bicycle road race."
"Who won it?"
"I got the best of it. We were three in a bunch. One man fractured his shoulder blade and broke his arm and one leg. Another one dislocated several joints and stove in a number of ribs. I didn't break anything but my collar bone."—Washington Star."Why did the Beverlys call in the invitations to Mabel's wedding?"
"They had made a mistake and issued the invitations for the cook's afternoon out."—Chicago Record.A Humane Motive.
"Why is it that you football men wear long hair?"
"Why, to show the world that there are other kind of intellectual men besides poets."—Chicago Record.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

AMERICAN THEATRE. The Broken Melody. BROADWAY THEATRE. My Friend from India. BROADWAY MUSIC HALL. The Grease. COLUMBIUS THEATRE. Southern Lights. LARSON. Jack and the Beanstalk. DAILY. The Girl and the Bandwidth. KILKENNY THEATRE. World in Wax. FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. Lost, Strayed or Broken. GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Princesses of West. GARRICK THEATRE. Secret Service. HAWKINS THEATRE. The Mummy. HUNTER'S THEATRE. A Florida Entertainment. HAWKINS THEATRE. The Mummy. HUNTER'S THEATRE. The Mummy.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE. The Heart of Maryland. RUIB'S 14TH ST. MUSIC. The Continuous Performance. KORTER & BIAL'S. The Sign of the Cross. LYCEUM. Madam's Bill. THEATRE. Fudd'nhead Wagon. PROPERT'S THEATRE. The Shillito. VICTORIAN THEATRE. The Sign of the Cross. STAR THEATRE. A Night at the Theatre. THE DAVID THEATRE. London Ladies. THEATRE. The Cherry Pickers.

Shaping a Course To Be Genteel.

"I always uphold and likewise maintain that an able seaman should stick to the trade for ever, he is built," declared Mr. Barnacle, "and not get to be cruising around in uncharted waters. No good ever comes of mariners getting above their calling and shaping a course to be genteel."

"So I've heard," remarked the lubber, by way of a feeler, "and I've seen some cases of it myself."
"Did you happen to know Joe Beams?" asked Bill."I cannot recall him now, though that name does sound familiar," the lubber admitted.
"He was one of 'em," Mr. Barnacle went on impressively. "Got haughty because he had \$84, quite the sea and is now a proper ruin. I knowed him well, too.""Was Mr. Beams very haughty?"
"Well, I should say. On quitting the sea forever this here frivolous Beams moves inland, at least a mile from the docks. That's what he done. For a month he wears his best clothes every day, and loafs around in a drug store, imbibing of these here plink chemicals with bubbles into 'em. Beams said only low down people infested saloons and got robbed, whereas he grows chummy with the drug clerk and polishes his mind immense, so he says."

"All this time Joe Beams keeps his eye out for a genteel berth, so he ships as second mate on a lee wagon, and intimates that he is a prominent citizen himself. The other officer does the navigating, and Beams he carries the lee to the consignees. One day he hustles some lee up to a lady who lives on the hurricane deck of a top-heavy tenement house. Being a tidy person she places the lump on the winder sill to dry—just like a lady, too—and Beams e-merges on the street again this here lump of lee slides off and hits him on the forehead."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the lubber. "Did it kill him?"
"Not quite hardly," said Mr. Barnacle, in regretful accents. "He slumbers in a trance at the hospital for eight days, while the doctors is grappling for silvers of skull bone wat's drove into his brains. Then Joe rouses up and set 'round like a owl, and likewise dizzy and doubtful. He don't say nothing and he can't think, neither.""No wonder," murmured the lubber.
"In about six weeks Beams is discharged from the hospital, but he has no more—no more, what is it you call it?"
"Ambition?"

"Yes; no more ambition than a hard-boiled egg. Joe is somewhat bleached and feeble, too, but this here genteel idea still harasses him. Instead of going back to sea like a man Joe Beams signs as food passer in a South street restaurant and wears white aprons."

Mr. Barnacle shuddered and clapped both tarry hands over his eyes to shut out the disgusting spectacle of an able seaman in a white apron.
"But on the very first day," Bill continued, slowly and impressively, "this fool of a Beams scalds both his thumb nails off carrying soup to a 'longshoreman. Now look at him. He can't ship as no A. B., the hospital won't take him back, and wat is the end of this being genteel? W'y, the union has to stand by Joe till his blooming thumb nails sprouts again. That's wat."

The Birthday Present That Went Astray.

"I've been buying birthday presents, and now I wish I hadn't," said the girl in the red gown.
"Money all gone, of course," replied the girl in the blue suit. "Ah, there is no accusing conscience like an empty pocket-book.""Isn't the money which troubles me, dear? That is all right. You see, I borrowed it from my brother, and—"
"That is a great deal better than receiving it outright," interrupted the girl in the blue suit. "A gift necessitates some gratitude, while a loan—"
"I know, but really I think no one was ever pursued by such malignant and persistent luck. If I wore my good clothes except now, I meet nobody I know, except names, who reproves me for my extravagance, and get them spattered with mud at some street crossing. On the contrary, if I go forth like an animated rag-bag the salespeople snub me and I run across every one of my swiftest acquaintances. Then if one of the nicest men of our set displays a desire to keep me in an alcove or a dim corner of the conservatory at a reception, it doesn't mean that he admires me especially, but only that he wants to escape the vigilance of the girl to whom he is engaged!""Oh, well, we all have streaks of ill luck," said the girl in the blue suit, "but tell me about your birthday gifts."
"Oh, well, it was this way: You know old Mrs. Borely is very fond of me, and as she is an ancient widow without near relatives 'nd with a splendid bank account, I naturally return the affection. It is a little trying, for she always wants me to join the anti-tobacco league or some of her pet associations; still—"
"One must be kind to the aged."

"Yes, well, Tuesday was her birthday, and she casually mentioned that she meant to improve it by making her will. I decided to cheer her up a bit by making her a lovely present."

"Quite natural. I hope you sent it early."
"Alas, yes! Well, it happens that Mr. De Tompkins has the same birthday, and I wanted to send him a trifle, too."
"But, dear, a bachelor whose back hair is only in memory doesn't want his birthday remembered."

"That's all you know. He had mentioned the date of it to me away last Summer, and I knew he'd be flattered to death that I had kept it in mind. Besides, there is no time like a birthday for deciding to marry, especially when you have reached the point where you have to hold the morning paper at arm's length to read it."

"There is something in that. But what did you?"
"Get for my presents? Well, first I screwed as much money out of my brother as I could. Told him I'd pay him the first of the month; that I only wanted it because Marie was coming to visit me, and I wanted her to have a good time.""Humph, no wonder he was liberal; he!"
"Mhm. Well, I went downtown and got two lovely presents, spending every cent I had borrowed on them. I had them both sent from the place where I had them, because it is a shop where everything is dear, enclosing my card and birthday wishes."
"Well, you were awfully generous; no wonder they were pleased."

"Pleased? They were furious; the people at the shop got them mixed up. Mrs. Borely returned for her parcel, and I told her that while Mr. De Tompkins received my birthday greetings with a pair of gold spectacles, and I told her my brother wanted his back hair, because Marie writes she can't visit me until next fall!"

Grover's Advice.
(Detroit News.)
There is no denying that President Cleveland gives the people some excellent advice, but it is a pity, because he usually contrives to do it in such a way as to prejudice the majority against that kind of advice forever after.Our Cousins.
(Washington Post.)
The action of the English legal mechanism in the cases of Mrs. Maybrick and Mrs. Castle show how kindly disposed our cousins over the water are to Americans.Another View.
"It always makes me glad to see a woman acting silly over a puddle."
"Why?"
"Because it shows what a bad bringing-up some lucky baby has escaped."—Chicago Record.

Just a Moment with the Chappies.

What ominous rumor is this that is now disturbing the serene atmosphere of the offices of the president of the New York Central?
It is alleged that Dr. Channock Mitchell Depew is to act no longer as the authorized mouthpiece of the Vanderbilt family with regard to social and family affairs.

But I can't believe it. We have grown so accustomed to regard Dr. Depew as the authoritative source of all information concerning "America's leading family" that any statement to the contrary must be accepted cum grano salis.

And yet a chapple told me yesterday that Channock had been "turned down," and that the honor of giving out the particulars of Vanderbilt births, engagements and marriages had been transferred to a Mr. Rosstier.

I take it, however, that this is only one of those fool rumors that have their origin among the old chappies, who are too lazy, to go to the Horse Show and are hard up for something to talk about.

A family that couldn't be satisfied with Dr. Depew as the director of its bureau of information couldn't be satisfied at all.

We are promised the ineffable pleasure, as well as the honor, of the presence of Mr. James J. Van Alen (one I, please) in New York this winter.

This is just the sort of thing we are pining for—a real, howling swell after the most pronounced British plan.

The fact is, our Anglomaniacs are getting just a trifle too diluted.